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MUSICAL NARROW-MINDEDNESS.

THERE is a certain class of musicians who, sometimes from prejudice, but more often, we think, from a certain kind of narrow-mindedness, which is more to be pitied than blamed, make a practice of slighting, if not sneering at, most or all of the works of the older masters. Such are the men (not unfrequently, we regret to say, to be met with) who decry Handel's oratorios as heavy, credit Haydn with cleverness in treating his subjects, but add, "What a pity he was not more particular in his choice of subjects!" or, if piano music is the subject of conversation, talk of Dussek's and Clementi's sonatas—sometimes, also, of Mozart's—as "mere passage-writing." It is, we fear, of little use to attempt to convince them of the fallacy of their views; because, as they appear to be destitute of the faculty of appreciating the class of music which they despise, it would be just as reasonable to argue with a blind man about colours, or a deaf one about sounds. But as their opinions are calculated to mislead others who have not well considered the subject, we propose, in this paper, to give our reasons for believing that they are altogether erroneous.

And first let us say that a piece is by no means necessarily good because the name of a great man is attached to it. Nothing is more misleading and unreasonable than to judge merely by names. Many of Haydn's quartetts, and of the piano sonatas of the same composer, Clementi, and Dussek, are very weak, and no longer possess more than a merely historical interest. Much is to be found in Handel's oratorios written in accordance with the taste of a by-gone age, and which would be simply insufferable in a concert-room at the present day. Even Beethoven—the usual standard of measurement with the exclusives, on whose Procrustean bed all other composers must be stretched—has written works which (though some may think it little short of blasphemy to say so) are not by any means worthy of his great reputation. But, after making every deduction of this kind, the fact remains, that the older masters, with much that is now out of date, have written works of imperishable beauty, that will continue to charm true lovers of music to the end of time.

The fundamental error lying at the root of the opinions we are combating consists in overlooking the fact that music, like every other art, is necessarily progressive in its tendencies. The same feeling which leads one class of musicians to disparage Haydn and Mozart, because they have not come up to Beethoven, leads others in a precisely opposite direction to cry out against Schumann, and the modern German school, because, in some respects, they have gone beyond him. To form a fair judgment of a composer he should be compared not with his successors, but with his predecessors and contemporaries; and it should not be forgotten that Beethoven was not more in advance of Haydn and Mozart than these latter were of those who had preceded them. And independently of this comes another not unimportant consideration—that a work which is beautiful in itself must always remain so, and does not become less worthy of our admiration because finer works have been subsequently composed, and the resources of the art have been further developed. If a man professes himself unable to enjoy the simpler music of the old masters, it must be either because his palate has been corrupted by too exclusive a diet of

musical "stimulants," or because (as mentioned above) the natural faculty of appreciation has been denied him. In either case we can only pity and leave him.

But the argument may be carried further. If the composers of the last century are to be disparaged because their successors have surpassed them, then Beethoven himself may be slighted for the very same reason. In common with most musicians we regard him as the greatest tone-poet that the world has ever yet seen, but we cannot admit that he has spoken the last word possible in the art; and it is indisputable that in many respects some of his successors have gone further than he. His pianoforte sonatas are undoubtedly far in advance of Haydn's and Mozart's, but in developing the resources of the instrument he has been surpassed by Mendelssohn and Schumann—to say nothing of Thalberg and Liszt. The scores of his predecessors are far simpler and less rich in effects than his, but in this point Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and Wagner have gone far beyond him. Yet we do not prize the *Eroica* or the *C minor* symphony less for this reason. The beauty of the thoughts is such that we are content to listen and enjoy, and do not think of making comparisons.

The whole question seems, then, ultimately to resolve itself into this: What constitutes beauty in music? This, of course, is too large a subject to be entered on here, and probably no two persons would precisely agree in a definition of the term. Music acts directly upon the emotions, and one great charm of it is that the same piece will affect different hearers in different ways, according to their mental conformation and temperament. An able article on "Music and Morals," in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, contains some good remarks on this subject, to which we may refer our readers. We are most of us, happily, gifted by nature with more or less power of enjoying music, and every one must, to a great extent, be guided by his own feelings in his estimate of its beauty. But let us take care that we form our judgment, not from comparison with the works of others, but from its own intrinsic merits.

THE SYMPHONIES OF BEETHOVEN.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

[The admirable critiques on Beethoven's Symphonies by the late Hector Berlioz appeared originally in his "Voyage Musical," a work now out of print. Their author subsequently republished them in his "A Travers Chants." They have frequently been quoted in analytical programmes, &c., but have, we believe, never been translated into English in a complete shape. We think, therefore, that no apology will be needed for presenting them to our readers in successive numbers of our paper.—ED. M. M. R.]

IT is thirty-six or thirty-seven years ago since the trial was made, at the Concerts Spirituels of the Opera, of the works of Beethoven, then perfectly unknown in France. One would not believe now-a-days with what reprobation this admirable music was immediately met by the larger number of artistes. It was bizarre, incoherent, diffuse, bristling with harsh modulations and savage harmonies, destitute of melody, of unnatural expression, too noisy, and horribly difficult. M. Habeneck, to satisfy the requirements of the men of taste who then ruled the Royal Academy of Music, found himself forced to make in those same symphonies whose execution at the Conservatoire he subsequently organised and directed with so much care, monstrous "cuts," such as one would permit at most in a ballet of Gallemborg, or an opera of Caveaux. Without these *corrections*, Beethoven would not have been admitted to the honour of figuring, between a bassoon solo and a flute concerto, on the programme of the

Concerts Spirituels. At the first hearing of the passages marked with a red pencil, Kreutzer took flight, stopping his ears; and he required all his courage to resolve at the other rehearsals to hear *what remained* of the symphony in D. Let us not forget that the opinion of M. Kreutzer on Beethoven was that of ninety-nine hundredths of the musicians of Paris at this time, and that but for the repeated efforts of the imperceptible fraction who professed the opposite opinion, the greatest composer of modern times would perhaps to-day be still hardly known to us. The fact then of the execution of fragments of Beethoven at the Opera was of great importance; we can judge of it, since without it probably the society of the Conservatoire would not have been founded. It is to this small number of intelligent men, and to the public, that one must give the honour of this fine institution. The public, in fact, the real public, that which does not belong to any clique, only judges by feeling, and not by the narrow ideas and ridiculous theories that have been made in art—this public, which is often deceived in spite of itself, since it frequently comes to recall its own decisions, was struck from the first by some of the eminent qualities of Beethoven. It did not ask if such a modulation were relative to such another, if certain harmonies were admitted by the *magisters*, nor if it were permitted to employ certain rhythms that one did not know previously; it only perceived that these rhythms, harmonies, and modulations, adorned with a noble and passionate melody, and clothed with a powerful instrumentation, impressed it strongly, and in quite a new fashion. Was more wanting to excite its applause? It is only at rare intervals that our French public experiences the lively and burning emotion that musical art can produce; but when it is truly agitated by it, nothing equals its gratitude to the artist, whoever he be, that has caused it. From its first appearing, the celebrated allegretto in A minor of the seventh symphony, that had been interpolated in the second *to make the rest go down*, was appreciated at its true value by the audience of the Concerts Spirituels. The pit *en masse* encored it vociferously, and at the second performance nearly equal success awaited the first movement, and the *scherzo* of the symphony in D, that had been little relished at the first trial. The manifest interest that the public from that time began to take in Beethoven doubled the forces of his defenders, reduced, if not to silence, at least to inaction, the majority of his detractors; and by degrees, thanks to those beams of dawn announcing to the clear-sighted on which side the sun was going to rise, the kernel grew, and we saw founded, almost entirely for Beethoven, the magnificent society of the Conservatoire, at present nearly without a rival in the world.

We are going to attempt the analysis of the symphonies of this great master, beginning with the first, that the Conservatoire so seldom performs.

I. SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR.

This work, by its form, its melodic style, its sober harmony, and its instrumentation, is distinguished entirely from the other compositions of Beethoven that have succeeded it. The author while writing it has evidently remained under the empire of the ideas of Mozart, that he has sometimes enlarged, and everywhere ingeniously imitated. In the first and second movements, nevertheless, we see shooting forth from time to time certain rhythms which the author of *Don Juan* has employed, it is true, but very seldom, and in a much less striking manner. The first *allegro* has for its theme a phrase of six bars, which, without having in itself very much character, becomes subsequently interesting from the art with which it is treated. An episodic melody follows, of no very distinguished style;

and by means of a half-cadence repeated three or four times, we come to a figure for wind-instruments in imitations in the fourth, that it is so much the more surprising to find there, as it had been often employed already in several French opera overtures.

The *andante* contains an accompaniment for the drums, *piano*, which appears now-a-days something very ordinary, but in which we must nevertheless recognise the prelude of the striking effects that Beethoven produced later by means of this instrument, little or badly employed in general by his predecessors. This movement is full of charm; its theme is graceful and lends itself well to the fugged developments of which the author has made such ingenious and piquant use.

The *scherzo* is the firstborn of that family of charming jokes (*scherzi*) of which Beethoven has invented the form, determined the movement, and which he has substituted in nearly all his instrumental works for the minuet of Haydn and Mozart, of which the movement is less rapid by half, and the character quite different. This one is of exquisite freshness, agility, and grace. It is the only real novelty of this symphony, in which the poetic idea, so great and rich in most of the works which followed it, is altogether wanting. It is music admirably constructed, clear, lively; but with little accent, cold, and sometimes mean, as in the final rondo for instance, veritable musical childishness; in a word, it is not Beethoven. We are going to find him.

2. SYMPHONY IN D.

In this symphony all is noble, energetic, and proud; the introduction (*largo*) is a masterpiece. The finest effects succeed one another without confusion, and always in an unexpected manner: the melody is of a touching solemnity which from the first bars imposes respect, and prepares for emotion. Already the rhythm shows itself more daring, the orchestration richer, more sonorous, and more varied. To this admirable *adagio* succeeds an *allegro con brio*, of an animation that carries one away. The *grupetto* that is met with in the first bar of the theme, given out at the beginning by the altos and violoncellos in unison, is afterwards taken up by itself to establish sometimes progressions in crescendo, sometimes imitations between wind and stringed instruments, which are all of a physiognomy as new as it is animated. In the middle is found a melody, performed in the first half by the clarionets, bassoons, and horns, and finished by the rest of the orchestra, *tutti*, the masculine energy of which is further heightened by the happy choice of the chords which accompany it. The *andante* is not treated in the same manner as that of the first symphony; it is not composed of a theme worked in canonical imitations, but of a melody pure and candid, given out at first simply by the string quartet, then embroidered with rare elegance, by means of light passages, the character of which is never removed from the sentiment of tenderness which forms the distinctive feature of the principal idea. It is the delightful picture of innocent happiness, hardly sombered down by some few accents of melancholy. The *scherzo* is as freely gay in its capricious fancy as the *andante* was completely happy and calm; for all is smiling in this symphony; the warlike bursts of the first *allegro* are themselves entirely free from violence; we can only see in them the youthful ardour of a noble heart, in which the fairest illusions of life are preserved untouched. The author still believes in immortal glory, in love, in devotion. . . Also, what *abandon* in his gaiety! how witty he is! what sallies! In listening to those different instruments quarrelling over the scraps of a theme that none of them executes entire, but of which each fragment is thus coloured with a

thousand different shades in passing from one to the other, one might fancy himself taking part in the fairy sports of the graceful elves of Oberon. The *finale* is of the same nature: it is a second *scherzo* in common time, the humour of which has perhaps something even more fine and more piquant.

3. SINFONIA EROICA.

It is quite wrong to abridge the inscription placed at the head of this work by the composer. It is entitled "Sinfonia Eroica, to celebrate the memory of a great man." We see that we have not to do here with battles, nor triumphal marches, as many people, misled by the mutilation of the title, would expect; but with thoughts grave and deep, with melancholy recollections, with ceremonies imposing by their grandeur and sadness—in a word, with the *funeral oration* of a hero. I know few examples in music of a style in which grief has been able constantly to preserve such pure forms, and such nobleness of expression.

The first movement is in triple time; and the motion is nearly that of the waltz. Yet what is more serious and more dramatic than this *allegro*? The energetic theme on which it is founded is not at first presented in its entirety. Contrary to custom, the author gives us only a glimpse of his melodic idea; it does not show itself in all its brilliancy till after a preface of several bars. The rhythm is exceedingly remarkable from the frequency of syncopations, and for combinations of common time thrown into the triple, by accenting the weak parts of the bar. When to these clashing rhythms are joined certain rude discords, such as that which we find towards the middle of the second part, where the first violins strike the high F natural against the E natural, the fifth of the chord of A minor, it is impossible to repress a movement of fright at this picture of indomitable fury. It is the voice of despair, and almost of rage. Only we may say, why this despair? why this rage? We cannot discover the motive. In the next bar the orchestra suddenly calms; one might say that, broken down by the rage to which it has just given way, its strength fails all at once. Then there are gentler phrases, in which we find again all the sorrowful tenderness that recollection awakens in the soul. It is impossible to describe, or even to indicate the multitude of melodic and harmonic aspects under which Beethoven reproduces his theme; we will confine ourselves to mentioning one of extreme strangeness, which has served as the text for many discussions, which the French publisher corrected in the score, thinking it was a mistake of the engraver, but restored after fuller information. The first and second violins alone hold in a *tremolo* the major second, A flat, B flat, a fragment of the chord of the dominant seventh of E flat, when a horn that appears to have made a mistake and started four bars too soon, enters rashly with the commencement of the principal subject, which consists exclusively of the four notes E, G, E, B. One can imagine what a strange effect this melody formed of the three notes of the tonic must produce against the two dissonant notes of the chord of the dominant, though the distance at which the parts are placed weakens the force of the collision much; but at the moment when the ear is on the point of revolting against such an anomaly, a vigorous *tutti* interrupts the horn's speech, and finishing *piano* on the chord of the tonic, allows the violoncellos to re-enter, who then give the theme entire, with the harmony that suits it. Taking a high view of things, it is difficult to find a serious justification for this musical caprice. The author we are told, nevertheless attached much importance to it; it is even said that at the first rehearsal of this symphony,

M. Ries, who was present, cried out, stopping the orchestra, "Too soon! too soon! the horn is wrong!" and that, to reward his zeal, he received from the furious Beethoven a vigorous scolding.

No whimsicality of this kind is presented in the rest of the score. The funeral march is quite a drama. We seem to find in it the translation of the fine lines of Virgil on the funeral of young Pallas:—

"Multaque præterea Laurentis præmia pugnae,
Adgerat, et longo prædæ jam jubet ordine duci.
Post bellator equus, positus insignibus, Æthon,
It lacrymans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora."

The end, especially, is deeply moving. The theme of the march reappears, but in fragments broken by rests, and with no other accompaniment than three strokes *pizzicato* for the double-bass; and when these shreds of the mournful melody have fallen one by one down to the tonic, the wind instruments utter one cry, the last farewell of the warriors to their companion in arms, and all the orchestra dies away on a pedal point *pianissimo*.

The third movement is entitled *scherzo*, according to custom. The Italian word signifies game, or joke. One hardly sees, at first, how such a class of music can figure in this epic composition. To understand it, it must be heard. The rhythm, the movement of the *scherzo* are truly there; there are, indeed, games, but veritable funeral games, saddened each moment by thoughts of mourning—games, in short, such as those which the warriors of the "Iliad" celebrate around the tombs of their chiefs.

Even in the most capricious evolutions of his orchestra Beethoven has known how to preserve the grave and sombre colour, the profound sadness, which ought naturally to predominate in such a subject. The *finale* is only a development of the same poetic idea. A very curious passage of instrumentation is to be remarked at the opening, and shows all the effect which may be drawn from the opposition of different qualities of tone. It is a B flat, struck by the violins, and repeated immediately by the flutes and oboes in the manner of an echo. Though the sound is struck again on the same degree of the scale, in the same movement, and with equal strength, there nevertheless results from this dialogue so great a difference between the same notes, that the shade which distinguishes them may be compared to that which separates *blue* from *violet*. Such delicacies of tone were altogether unknown before Beethoven; it is to him that we owe them.

This *finale*, though so varied, is notwithstanding constructed entirely on a very simple fugued subject, on which the author afterwards builds, besides a thousand ingenious details, two other themes, one of which is of the greatest beauty. We cannot perceive, from the turn of the melody, that it has been, so to speak, extracted from another. Its expression, on the contrary, is much more touching; it is incomparably more graceful than the original subject, of which the character is rather that of a bass, and which serves very well as such. This melody reappears, a little before the end, in slower time, and with fresh harmony which redoubles its sadness. The hero costs many tears. After these last regrets given to his memory, the poet leaves the elegy, to intone the hymn of glory. Though somewhat laconic, this peroration is full of brilliancy, and worthily crowns the musical monument. Beethoven has written things more striking, perhaps, than this symphony; several of his other compositions impress the public more vividly; but, it must nevertheless be acknowledged, the "Sinfonia Eroica" is so strong in thought and in execution, its style is so nervous, so uniformly lofty, and its form so poetic, that its rank is equal to that of the highest conceptions of its author. A feeling of grave and, so to speak, antique sadness always overpowers me during the

performance of this symphony; but the public appears but moderately affected by it. Truly we must deplore the misery of the artist who, burning with such enthusiasm, has not been able to make himself understood, even by a select audience, sufficiently to raise them to the height of his inspiration. It is so much the more sad, because that same audience in other circumstances grows warm, pants, and weeps with him; it is seized with a real and lively passion for some of his compositions equally admirable, it is true, but yet not finer than this; it appreciates at their just value the *allegretto* in A minor of the seventh symphony, the *allegretto scherzando* of the eighth, the *finale* of the fifth, the *scherzo* of the ninth; it even appears much moved by the funeral march of the symphony now in question ("Eroica"); but as to the first movement, it is impossible to deceive oneself—I have remarked it for more than twenty years—the public listens to it almost with indifference; it sees in it a learned and very energetic composition; beyond that—nothing. Philosophy avails nothing; it is in vain to say that it was always so in all places, and for all highly intellectual works, that the causes of poetic emotion are secret and inappreciable, that the feeling of certain beauties with which some individuals are endowed is absolutely wanting in the masses, that it is even impossible it should be otherwise. All that does not console, all that does not calm the indignation, instinctive, involuntary, absurd if you wish, with which the heart is filled at the sight of a marvel misunderstood, of so noble a composition, that the crowd looks at without seeing, listens to without hearing, and lets pass by almost without turning the head, as if it were only dealing with a mediocre or common thing. Oh, it is frightful to say to oneself, and that with a pitiless certainty: What I find beautiful is *the beautiful* for me, but it will not be so, perhaps, for my best friend; he whose sympathies are ordinarily mine will be affected in quite a different manner; it may be that the work that transports me, that gives me the fever, that draws tears from my eyes, leaves him cold, or even displeases him, bores him!

Most of the great poets do not feel music, or only relish trivial and puerile melodies; many great intellects, who fancy they love it, do not even suspect the emotions to which it gives rise. These are sad truths, but they are palpable and evident, and only the obstinacy of certain systems can hinder their recognition. I have seen a bitch who howled with pleasure at hearing the major third held in double-string on the violin; she bore pups on whom neither the third, nor the fifth, nor the sixth, nor the octave, nor any chord consonant or dissonant ever produced the slightest impression. The public, in whatever manner it is composed, is always, in respect to great musical conceptions, like this bitch and her pups. It has certain nerves which vibrate to certain resonances, but this organisation, incomplete as it is, being unequally distributed, and infinitely modified, it follows that it is all but madness for a composer to reckon on such and such means of art, rather than such and such others, to act upon it; and that the composer has nothing better to do than blindly to obey his own feelings, resigning himself beforehand to all the chances of fortune. I came out from the Conservatoire with three or four *dilettanti*, one day when the Choral Symphony had just been performed.

"How do you find this work?" says one of them to me.

"Immense! magnificent! overpowering!"

"That's odd; I was dreadfully bored. And you?" he adds, addressing an Italian.

"Oh! I? I find it unintelligible, or rather insupportable; there is no melody. Besides—stop, here are several papers that speak of it. Read:—

"The Choral Symphony of Beethoven represents the

culminating point of modern music; the art has produced nothing yet that can be compared with it for nobility of style, grandeur of plan, and finish of details."

(Another paper.) "The Choral Symphony of Beethoven is a monstrosity."

(Another.) "The Choral Symphony of Beethoven contains admirable passages, yet one sees that ideas failed the author, and that, his exhausted imagination no longer sustaining him, he was consumed in efforts, often happy, to supply inspiration by force of art. The various phrases which are found in it are treated in a superior manner, and disposed in an order perfectly clear and logical. To sum up, it is the very interesting work of a *fatigued genius*."

Where is truth, or where is error?—everywhere and nowhere. Each is right: that which is fine for one is not for another, simply because one has been moved, and the other has remained untouched; the first has experienced vivid enjoyment, and the second a great fatigue. What is to be done? Nothing. But it is horrible! I would rather be mad, and believe in absolute beauty.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE SONATA.

THE beginning of our modern Sonata we find towards the end of the seventeenth century; the first Sonatas, by Henry Biber, for violino solo, appearing in 1681; and in 1683, twelve Sonatas for violino, bass, and clavicord, by Corelli, the violinist; but Johann Kuhnau, Sebastian Bach's predecessor, merits greater attention as a composer of Sonatas. His first Sonata in B flat (Becker's Hausmusik in Rimbault's History of the Pianoforte) is written in the present form, and consists of three movements—*allegro*, *andante*, and *allegro*. The writing is polyphonic, but the composition wants artistic connection. Kuhnau's next composition appeared in 1696—*Frische Clavierfrüchte* (fresh fruit for the clavicord), seven Sonatas displaying invention and style. These Sonatas exhibit progress in form and matter, they are vigorous, bold, and graceful, and have even warmth of feeling. They consist of four and of five movements. Contrasts of repose and animation exist in them in great variety. Polyphonic writing is predominant, but we have sometimes independent melodies. Some of the movements are distinguished by an eminently artistic tone. Kuhnau is congenial with Handel in his free, polyphonic style, and in his bold and noble phrasing of melody.

The composer next to be mentioned in this branch is Mattheson; he published in 1713 a Sonata, "dedicated to the person who will best perform it." It has only one movement. The working-out of the component parts is richer, and the subject is interesting. The general treatment, however, shows more outward brilliancy than intrinsic value.

We next arrive at Domenico Scarlatti. He composed thirty so-called Sonatas "per il clavicembalo" and "sei Sonate per il cembalo," in the first decade of the eighteenth century. Each Sonata consists of two parts, the second comprising our present middle—*i.e.*, the working-out of the subject—and our third, that recapitulates.

They are analogous in form to a Song in two parts; they are mostly written "à due," and are more adapted to the nature of the instrument than those of his predecessors. We meet for the first time with the crossing of the hands. In the Sonatas of Scarlatti, which he himself describes as "ingenious playfulness of art," a more earnest intention is wanting.

They are joyous and spirited, often even to merry-making, yet we sometimes meet with single traits of deeper

emotion. Scarlatti did not create so much a new form for the Sonata as a whole, consisting of several movements, as he developed former germs existing in the single movements of the Sonata. He perfected its construction, freed it from the fetters of polyphonic writing, permitting it to move in accordance with the nature of the instrument; and this progress was required to ease the way to the "Sonata" as we now have it, in several movements forming a real unity.

We have now to mention Francesco Durante (1693—1796), who composed a "Sonata per il cembalo divise in studie e divertimente." These stand apart—a transition from the form of Song to that of the Sonata, homophonic in treatment. Though of less value than the Sonatas of Scarlatti, compared with Kuhnau there is a progress towards a style more free and natural, and, as to matter, they may be called pithy and clever.

We now approach the giant, Sebastian Bach, in mentioning his two Sonatas in C and D minor. Here we again find several movements connected in one work. In these two Sonatas, as to form and style, he is not thoroughly equal to Scarlatti, but rather reminds us of Kuhnau. He, however, surpasses the latter infinitely in richness, and in a free handling of his subject. On the other hand, he stands higher than Scarlatti in combining several movements in true Sonata style to a unity, thus producing more strikingly than before higher and more intellectual significance. In fact, in Bach we find the moment of transition. Another work the result of this period of transition is the twelve Sonatas of Padre Martini. In their form they are equally distant from the Suite and the real Sonata, combining polyphonic and homophonic writing, and while carefully worked out, are full of animation.

A new phase begins, extending from the middle of the eighteenth century to the death, in 1788, of Emanuel Bach, when the Sonata had acquired its true shape. The number of Sonata composers increased considerably. We may mention in Italy, Galuppi, Paradisi, Sarti, and Sacchini; in France, Schobert and Gretry; in Germany, Friedemann Bach, Krebs, Marburg, Haydn, Johann Christ. Bach, and Wanhall. In all, we may enumerate about two hundred Sonatas by thirty-five composers; their co-ordination was very much varied, evidently in attempts to find the proper shape. Three movements predominated, but two and four movements are met with. In the latter case we find already the "Minuet" as the second movement. As to the form of the single movement, it was either in the style of Scarlatti or was more developed. There were already movements with a second subject, but more as a companion than a contrast to the principal subject. We may further point out how the form of Song (the Cantilena) was enlarged and extended. We find "airs with variations," airs of dances (Minuet and Polonaise), and, less frequently, the "rondo." The representative of this period is Emanuel Bach, the real precursor of Haydn.

Besides him his younger brother, Christian, and Leopold Mozart, must be mentioned. Christian Bach's Sonatas have fire, humour, and grace; their style approaches that of Haydn and Mozart. In the Sonatas of Leopold Mozart, we divine his great son in their strong similarity to the works of the latter.

The compositions of Emanuel Bach are imbued with spirit and animation. We feel that with him the mind would speak; everywhere is freshness, elevation, and sentiment. His Sonatas have as first movement an *allegro*, as second an *andante* or "arioso," and as third a *presto* in the form of a rondo, the writing being mostly homophonic. As his chief work, we may mention his Sonatas

for connoisseurs and amateurs. (Lately twelve of Emanuel Bach's Sonatas have been republished in the "Trésor du Pianiste." Paris: Farrenc.)

Emanuel Bach has thus prepared the way for the new era of the Sonata, as we have it now in the works of Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, and Beethoven. Haydn carried out what Emanuel Bach had begun, by elaborating the working-out of the subject in the several movements, by repeating it in its third division, thus giving to the composition organic structure; all the movements being harmoniously constructed with a view to variety as well as unity. Thus the Sonata of Haydn, written for an instrument at that time of greater means and compass, shows all the peculiarities of a rich, jovial, and humorous mind, assisted by wonderful power over all the technicalities of musical composition. Thirty-four excellent Sonatas of Haydn exist (a beautiful and very correct edition of them has been lately published by Breitkopf and Härtel at Leipzig).

We arrive at Haydn's worthy successor, Mozart, who adopted the form of Sonata developed by Haydn, giving it still greater variety and richness, and introducing a companion subject, of secondary importance, in the Cantilena style; expanding the melody, enlarging the phrases, and introducing greater contrast of light and shade. The feeling of beauty and symmetry of form which characterise all compositions of Mozart are the distinguishing features of his Sonatas; some of them are, however, of less value, but it is known that these were composed for the use of his pupils. I must draw the attention of my readers to the marvellous treasures of science hidden in the greater Sonatas; such, for instance, as the counterpoint-writing in the great Solo-Sonata in F major, the Duet-Sonata (last movement), &c. &c.; also to the introduction of new rhythms, such as the "Alla Turca," in the charming Sonata in A major; to my mind the modern Scherzo is anticipated in the last movement of the famous Sonata in C minor (preceded by the fantasia). Mozart's great contemporary, Muzio Clementi, the founder of modern pianoforte-playing, and the composer of seventy-four Sonatas and Sonatinas, devoted his genius to the progress of technical execution, being, as it were, a complement to the more ideal tendencies of Mozart. He is a composer of profound science, and his treatment of counterpoint, canon, &c. &c., shows everywhere the ease with which he had mastered it. Beethoven is known to have often expressed his admiration for the mastery in Clementi's Sonatas, which he appeared to prefer to those of Mozart. Correct and well-designed as his Sonatas are, we must own that they want warmth of feeling and charm of melodious expression. He may almost be called the inventor of the characteristic Sonata (descriptive of emotions), such as his "Didone Abandonata, scena tragica." If I now name Beethoven, I designate at once the culminating point at which the Sonata has arrived, and I may say *can* arrive. Beethoven's Sonatas are so universally known, and the masterly interpretation of them by such performers as Miss Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé has rendered them so familiar to London audiences, that it would be superfluous to expatiate upon them here. Although the successor and contemporary of Mozart, the triumphant career of Beethoven, from his first to his latest Sonatas, all pregnant with his deep originality—all showing continuous progress—has elevated this branch of composition to a rank co-ordinate with the Symphony. Beethoven is, indeed, the hero of this epoch; but it would be ungrateful to overlook the earnest and successful labours of his eminent contemporaries, Dussek, Hummel, Weber, Moscheles, and Schubert. Of the forty-five Sonatas and Sonatinas Dussek has left us, some—L'Invocation, Les Adieux de

Clementi, *Elégie*, *Le Retour à Paris*, &c. &c.—will always enjoy a high and well-merited reputation; whilst Hummel's Sonata in F sharp minor, composed, as it seems, expressly for the purpose of introducing the greatest technical difficulties, yet never losing this composer's suavity of expression, stands foremost among contemporary works. The Duet-Sonata in A flat, almost his chef-d'œuvre, will always be held a model of its kind.

Weber, in writing his grand Sonata, could not resist the dramatic impulse under which he produced his music, and his predilection for the "Lied" (the genre in which he first and above all other composers excelled), impassioned as they are full of sonority and pregnant with an indescribable charm of melody, yet remain rhapsodic, and suffer from the incompleteness of Weber's theoretical studies. I may observe that his Sonatas were all written before the "Freischütz." Of Moscheles' Sonata compositions I may be allowed particularly to praise the beautiful Duet-Sonata in E flat, which, almost reaching the one just mentioned of Hummel's, is another model of that style, bringing out, even in a more clever and piquant manner, the resources of the piano. The boldness and noble ambition of the first movement, the delicious quaintness of the *andante* movement; *à la Russe*, will be a lasting monument of that composer's talent. His "Sonata Symphonique," in a larger style, demands from the instrument effects which are perhaps beyond its limits.

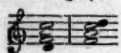
I conclude my sketch with Franz Schubert, who has left us ten Solo and two Duet-Sonatas. They contain all the beauties which we admire in all this genial composer's works, invention, sonority, and rich and bold harmonies; but, at the same time, his faults as an instrumental composer are perceptible—the want of economy and conciseness. We also regret that his vocation for the "Lied" often mars his instrumental intentions. But certainly his grand Duet-Sonata, Op. 140 (composed in 1824), written under the influence of Beethoven's genius, deserves the particular attention and respect of all lovers of music; not forgetting his Solo-Sonata in A minor. It seems that after these efforts the Sonata form has been exhausted; true, the most eminent composers of the latest period, viz., Schumann, Chopin, Heller, Hiller, &c. &c., have produced distinguished works in this branch; but it appears that life in our days is too short, and occupation too urgent, to admit of the patient hearing of works of such extent; the Sonata remains for the solitary amateur. However, let us not give up the hope that another Beethoven may some day rise up to revive the Sonata again.

E. P. ~~Wigan~~.

A PLEA FOR THE ADDED SIXTH.

THE added sixth of Rameau is so nearly forgotten, that it may be as well to re-state the old theory before proposing its revival in certain cases.

As the dominant triad receives an additional third above, making a minor seventh with the root, so may the tonic and subdominant triads—but principally the latter—receive an additional third below, forming (when inverted) a major sixth with the root.



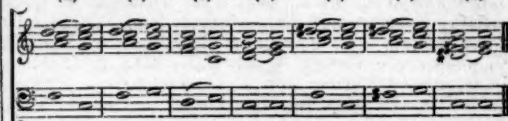
And as the added seventh resolves by descending, so does the added sixth resolve by ascending one degree.

The theory of added sixths broke down in practice, as every theory must do that professes to be more than a classification of known combinations. As soon as new progressions become too abundant to be dismissed as licences, new theories are invented, which have to give

way in their turn. On this subject much might be said, but my present concern is with the "added sixth."

I subjoin a few progressions, some of which doubtless can be explained by the systems now taught, but others can only be passed off (as far as I know)—as licences. It will be observed that all the examples I have noted are simple inversions or chromatic alterations of the added sixth upon the subdominant, with its ascending resolution on the tonic harmony.

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E) (F) (G)



The progression at (A), well known as it is, is not to be found in the elementary thorough-bass books; the chromatic alteration of the same passage at (E) is less known, but very effective, even as a final cadence. It will be seen that we have here an irregular resolution of the "German Sixth." (F) is familiar enough, being usually written with the E^b. (G) is also familiar, though unnoticed in any treatise with which I am acquainted. Composers, indeed, never seem to know if they should write D[#] or E^b. I should say this depends upon the origin assigned to the progression, for it is quite possible to reach the same result by different means. The above progressions are also found wholly or partially transposed into the minor mode. But the "added sixth" will no longer explain them when, as in this case, D[#] appears as E^b.

As to the ascending resolution of the sixth, I am aware that it may be avoided (in which case many other progressions might be included in the list); but is not this the case also with the descending seventh? And is an ascending resolution so unheard-of a thing—e.g., of the leading note upwards?

CLEVELAND WIGAN.

Dover, May 10th, 1871.

THE MINUET IN HANDEL'S OVERTURE TO THE "MESSIAH."

THE *Musical Standard* of the 17th of June last published what purported to be the minuet originally written by Handel for the overture to the *Messiah*, but subsequently discarded. On the question of its authenticity being raised in the *Sunday Times*, the editor, who received the piece from Mr. T. E. Jones, the organist of Canterbury Cathedral, at once gave all the information in his power; and a letter from Mr. Jones himself, which appeared in the *Musical Standard* of the 15th of July, traces the minuet directly up to Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis. There is, therefore, every reason, especially as the internal evidence of the piece is in its favour, to believe that it is really what it professes to be.

The letter which the editor of the *Musical Standard* wrote to the *Sunday Times*, in reply to the challenge in the columns of that paper, is highly amusing, as showing how inaccurate a knowledge of Handel's works is frequently to be found even among those who profess to lead musical opinion. The editor says in the course of his letter, "A very few of his opera, and only three of his oratorio overtures—*Saul*, *Susanna*, and *Joshua*—possess but two movements." Now this statement is entirely incorrect in two out of the three instances given. We are inclined to ask the editor, "Should you be surprised to hear that the overture to *Saul* contains four movements, and that *Joshua* has no overture at all?" The latter oratorio has merely a short "introduction" of one page,

which leads at once into the opening chorus, "Ye sons of Israel." If the editor had been familiar with Handel's works he would have known that there are at least three other oratorios (*Judas Maccabæus*, *Belshazzar*, and *Time and Truth*) which contain overtures in two movements. To these we might probably add *Athalia*, but that the instrumental prelude to that work is entitled "sinfonia" instead of "overture," perhaps because, although consisting of an introduction and *allegro*, the latter is not a fugue. We have thought it worth while to call our readers' attention to the point, as the discovery of a new movement by Handel is one of general musical interest; and the correspondence on the subject shows how very superficial is the acquaintance, even of some musicians, with his more important works.

A THEATRE IN HAVANA.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE LEIPZIG "SIGNALE.")

WHAT would our German actors, our chamber and opera singers, or our prima-donnas say, if it occurred to the strict stage-manager, director, or prompter, to order a full rehearsal at six o'clock on a fine morning? Assuredly the Niemanns and Wachtels, the Luccas and Mallingers, or whatever our operatic principals are called, would strike without further ado, and leave the daring ruler of the theatre in possession of the field. It is different in the West Indies. There all important business is transacted in the cool early hours, and the Devrient of Havana feels by no means surprised if he is ordered for rehearsal three or four hours before breakfast. A siesta lasting till dinner-time recompenses him then for the morning sleep of which he has been deprived.

These Havana theatre-rehearsals are open to the public; and, as there is nothing to pay, boxes and galleries are filled by a not very select audience. Coloured gentlemen, also, are not excluded from the amusement. Every one keeps his hat on, if he please, and smoking is so little forbidden that even the director and actors puff away at their cigars and cigarettes to their hearts' content. "We had," writes a North American traveller, "had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a very important personage at the Havana theatre, and at his invitation, we attended one day at six in the morning a rehearsal there. Our friend Tunicu resided in the theatre itself day and night, for the house is placed in his care. He is, besides, scene-painter, costumier, and actor in one person, and especially imitates to perfection the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and the braying of donkeys behind the scenes. During the Carnival, Tunicu lends for hire masks and dominoes of his own make, or faded theatrical costumes and requisites; and if the governor honours the town with a visit, our friend has to arrange the wreaths and arches on the houses and in the streets, and to see to the decoration of the theatre, in which building the important event is usually celebrated by a grand ball.

"About the censorship of the drama in Cuba, Tunicu has much to tell. No piece can be performed which the censor appointed by the Government does not pass; with his red pencil he can mark out every word, line, or sentence which he thinks dangerous to Spanish morals or politics. The censorship is under no fixed law, and in every town of the island the resident censor proceeds entirely according to his own will and pleasure; so that in Havana one finds, perhaps, accordant with the Spanish sense of decency and order, what in Santiago is pronounced to be high treason and immorality. Very often an excellent drama, nay, an acknowledged masterpiece of Spanish literature, that has been represented in Madrid countless

times without hindrance, is so mutilated by the Cuban censors that its performance has to be abandoned.

"All buildings in Cuba are constructed with special provisions for probable earthquakes, and for the tropical heat, and the theatres offer no exception to this rule. From all points there are easy and rapid means of exit; at a sudden catastrophe the public comes at once, so to speak, from its seats into the open air. On every side is found a large number of open doors and windows, which secure excellent ventilation. Similarly, suitable precautions are taken against fire, and a small regiment of black *bomberos*, or firemen, is always encamped in the house. Of the two rows of boxes which the theatre possesses, the lower is hardly perceptibly raised above the level of the pit, from which one can talk freely with the occupants of these former, as is the general Cuban custom. Behind the boxes run broad airy passages; the side of which that is turned towards the theatre is enclosed by an elegant open iron lattice. Like most Cuban houses, the theatre is also entirely destitute of drapery, being as bare and sober as the arena of a bull-pit.

"To obtain admission to the evening performance, one has to take two tickets, one for entrance to the building, the other to secure the seat. Without this last, one has to stand at the back of the boxes. Tunicu accompanies us at the evening performance, as at the morning rehearsal, and makes us acquainted with the name and position of most of those present, every one of whom appears to be his personal friend. In Cuba everybody is intimate with everybody else, and between the boxes, which, with a few exceptions, are in possession of ladies, and the pit, which is exclusively occupied by gentlemen, the liveliest conversation goes on. The *senoritas*, with their low muslin dresses, with a splendid wealth of their own hair, and their inevitable fans, form a pleasing coloured framework to the picture of the black coats and white trousers in the pit. Their little slim fingers are ungloved, but loaded with costly rings, for the Cuban ladies have a passionate love for gold and precious stones, and display their jewels with ostentation on all public occasions. The larger part of the ladies have brought their female slaves with them, who squat on the floor behind them.

"Tunicu gives us, moreover, all sorts of details about earthquakes. The last he witnessed, he tells us, was not of great importance, it was only a so-called *temblorcito*—one wall of the house cracked from top to bottom, the mouldings fell off another, one of the chandeliers came down on the audience—and that was all! Notwithstanding, the panic that seized the public was terrible, and many were crushed to death in getting out. 'But what on earth is the meaning of those boxes with the lattice-work in front, on each side of the stage?' we curiously ask our all-knowing cicerone. 'Those,' explains Tunicu, 'are places reserved for persons and families who, because they are in mourning or half-mourning, may not show themselves in public. However,' he adds confidentially, 'it is not always mourners who use these retired boxes. We have here a certain class of company who always wear a kind of half-mourning—the half-castes or quadroons, who must not let themselves be seen in public in simple white.' The gallery is occupied, as elsewhere, by soldiers, sailors, and people of the lower orders; while in the furthest background a few benches stand ready for the exclusive use of mulatto girls, and negroes of both sexes, who are always accustomed to come in great state.

"After the overture—a *mixtum compositum* of Cuban dance music and Spanish fandango measures, which black musicians perform on wretched instruments—a powerful bell sounds, to summon all who are moving about the house to their places, the curtain rises, and the per-

formance begins. In general, the Cuban drama has nothing peculiar about it, except that every, even the most harmless, political allusion is carefully avoided, and therefore very wide licence is given to *double-entendre* and indecency. The actors, by their indistinct mutterings, drive the prompter to despair, and indulge in personalities with the orchestra and the public in the pit. Endless applause shakes the house when the first comedian, twisting his legs drolly, ventures on the *charinga*, a difficult negro dance; and the scene between a Yankee who speaks very broken Spanish, and a lady who answers him with the purest Cuban accent, calls forth a burst of laughter that threatens to split the diaphragm of every one present. A more excitable and emotional public than the Cuban an actor could not wish for.

"The entr'actes last a good half-hour each, during which the whole audience leave their places, and walk about the house at pleasure. The ladies saunter through the corridors, flirt, play with their fans, and revel in ices. The gentlemen of the pit are everywhere and nowhere. Many join their friends in the famous mourning-boxes, others enjoy their cigars in the specially large smoking-rooms, or drink out in the street *orchata* and *bul*, a mixture of English beer, iced water, and syrup. The chief object of attraction, however, is the stage itself. Open doors offer free access to this mysterious sanctuary, and, unimpeded, the company of the pit can rummage every corner and nook of the boards that mirror the world, from the trap-doors to the flies. A crowd of Apollos besieges the dressing-room of the chief actress, another *corps d'élite* blocks the passage to the boudoir of the first *danseuse*; and great is their enthusiasm if they catch a glimpse of the goddess in gauze as she passes to the green-room. The stage itself is crowded with these loungers, who require no rehearsal and no prompter, and whose chief performances consist in smoking numberless cigars. It is a real wonder how, in the midst of such confusion, the stage-carpenters, scene-shifters, manager, and director are able to prepare the stage for the next act. Suddenly a stentorian voice cries, '*Fuera!*' which means, 'Clear the stage!' the great bell sounds again, and the public hasten back to be in their places in time.

"But hardly has the new act begun, when all at once the play stops again, and actors and audience appear to be both struck with sudden paralysis. The deepest silence has in a moment spread over the assembly; only one hears a few ladies, quickly crossing themselves, whisper a light '*Misericordia!*' and '*Maria Santissima!*' Then all the doors of the theatre are thrown open, and before them stands a procession of priests with lighted tapers. What has happened? We look round for our Tunicu, but our faithful companion has disappeared. Has a fire broken out anywhere? But no, the black *bomberos* remain quiet in their usual places, and give no sign that their activity is called into requisition. Perhaps a negro insurrection? We look for the governor in his box; his excellence and suite look as quiet and composed as possible. Is it an earthquake? No, nothing moves in the whole house. Hark! outside, before the theatre, is the clear sound of a bell. From our seats we can see far down the street, and there we perceive a solemn procession of priests, in full vestments, passing slowly by. The foremost of them swings the clear-sounding bell, while the rest carry long tapers, the Host, and the holy canopy. They are going to a dying man, to administer the consecrated *viaticum*; wherever they pass the dwellers in the surrounding houses must testify their reverence. On this account the representation in the theatre stops for the moment, actors and the public kneel and cross themselves so long as the pious procession remains in sight. One of the priests steps for a moment

into the theatre, to convince himself that no one neglects the devotion ordered by religion. As soon as the procession is out of sight, and the bell is no more heard, the tapers at the doors are put out, the spectators recover from their pious trance, and the posse on the stage continues its progress merrily, as if no such solemn interlude had interrupted their sports."

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, July, 1871.

IN my letter to-day I have only to make mention of a single concert, and even that was not of great import. It was the performance of Riedel's Society in the Nicolai-kirche, on the 2nd of July. The performance does not rank so high as others by the same society, either as regards the selection of the programme or the excellence of execution. As for the programme, we cannot help offering a few remarks. We are not at all against the bringing out of new compositions of living authors, but, on the contrary, consider this to be one of the first duties of the directors of concert societies. Only such works must, before all things, be worthy of being brought out, and must not form too jarring a contrast to other well-known compositions which are on the programme. Such, however, was not the case in the concert we speak of, commencing with old Italian church music by Gregorio Allegri, Giovanni Biondi, and Antonio Lotti, and then bringing excellent German works, amongst which was the beautiful motett, "*Ich lasse Dich nicht*," by Christoph Bach, the programme finished with compositions by Peter Cornelius and Franz Liszt. The two church compositions of Liszt are of small value. The Ave Maria for chorus, with organ accompaniment, is simple and melodious, but of very poor invention, and through want of polyphonic combination little suited for the church. A second piece, "*Die Seligkeit*," for baritone solo and chorus, indulges in an unfortunately too continuous alternation between solo part and chorus, and becomes tedious thereby. The solo part is intended to represent an officiating priest, whose intonation of some of the verses is anything but pleasant; they are then repeated by the chorus, more or less interestingly harmonised. A (so-called) choral-motett for alto and male voices, by Cornelius, from Munich, showed itself as a far-fetched idea-hunting work, far from being beautiful. Much higher, although not important in style and invention, stands a small motett, "*Mediâ vitâ in morte*," by Joseph Rheinberger, which preceded Cornelius' work. Between the choral works Herr Rob. Heckmann played violin soli by Tartini, Corelli, and Sebastian Bach very well. The concert was opened with an organ prelude by Girolamo Frescobaldi. We could not quite see for what purpose this trifling little work should have been rescued from the dust of ages. We further heard a toccata and fugue (D minor), by Bach, performed by the same organist. The name of the performer we have forgotten, but his performance as regards combination of stops and technical execution can only be called middling.

At the Conservatorium a Mr. Witte produced, on the 1st of July, some chamber music compositions of small value.

A new comic operetta, *Der Nachtwächter*, by V. Nessler, we think it best to pass in silence. The opusculum has no musical worth whatever.

The Leipzig Opera manages to exist, whilst its principal

Was not this originally found in 1862

members are away on leave of absence, through performances of visitors, of which only that of Herr Nachbauer, from Munich, is worthy to be mentioned.

The Conservatorium has now vacation up to the 9th of August. The Royal Opera in Berlin is closed from the 19th of June till the 16th of August, and the Vienna Hofoper from the 15th of June till the 1st of August. Nearly all the municipal opera-houses are shut up, and the concert-rooms are totally desolate. Under these circumstances our readers will understand the shortness of our letters during the summer months, particularly as the music market just now brings nothing of importance.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, 15th July, 1871.

HAVING been dangerously ill, I was prevented from sending my usual letter for the last number of this musical journal, and must therefore appeal to the indulgence of the esteemed reader. I am also obliged for this time to take refuge in the critiques of the opera in the different newspapers of the day. The concerts all over, there are only to mention the opera representations from the 15th of May to the 17th of June. There were twelve different operas by eight composers—*Judin, Rienzi* (each three times), *Masaniello, Profet, Afrikanerin, Faust* (each twice), *Rigoletto, Maskenball, Lohengrin, Romeo, Zauberflöte, Freischütz* (each once). The most interesting evening was the 30th of May, with the first representation of *Rienzi*, Wagner's first grand opera, composed thirty years ago. For a splendid *mise-en-scène* nothing was spared; the decorations by Burghart are said to be the best ever seen in Vienna; principals, chorus, and orchestra are mentioned with praise and honour. And yet, to tell the truth, the papers assure us that only the second act created a sensation. To count all the faults and weakness of this work would be cruel and unjust, as the composer himself condemned it long ago; but it will always be of great interest to watch a master on his former steps, and so to value his efforts to find his own way. Herr Herbeck merits all praise in his double position as director and conductor of the opera. The principal rôles, *Rienzi, Irene, Adriano*, were performed by Labatt, V. Rabatsinsky, Ehnn (the two latter afterwards by Siegstädt and Troussil). The whole opera was wisely shortened. There were three repetitions till the end of the season, which was terminated with the same work on the 17th of June. The rôle of *Rienzi* will be repeated by Herr Niemann, from Berlin, in the month of August; Niemann will also sing in the *Meistersinger*, which opera could not have been represented for a long time, as Herr Beck, after having sung eleven times the rôle of Hans Sachs, refused to sing this part any more. It will be performed now by Herr Betz, from Berlin. The great number of *gastspiele* (we count thirteen different guests since January) flourished till the end of the season; the last singers from abroad were Herr Sontheim, Fr. Singer and Gröys. Sontheim began and finished his *gastspiele* with indisposition; he performed the rôles of Eleazar (four times), *Masaniello* and *Vasco* (each twice). He had the intention to perform also Robert, but as his *Vasco* met with a cold reception he found it better to return to Eleazar, the refuge of so many a tenor with a voice of past beauty. And even on his farewell representation Sontheim has been unfortunate; he became so hoarse that he could not sing to the end of the opera; he was obliged to leave Eleazar, after the first act, to Herr Labatt, who showed himself altogether very useful in the course of this season. The *gastspiel* of Fr. Singer, from Wiesbaden, was of

little use. Wanting no good materials (fine voice and dramatic talents), she is but too little accomplished to satisfy the pretences of a first-rate stage. She sang Ortrud, Selica, and Azucena, making but little impression. More fortunate has been Fr. Gröys, from Gratz, having been some years ago a pupil of the Vienna Conservatoire. She sang *Astrahammante* in the *Zauberflöte* with good effect; her voice is said to be very thin, but of a light touch in the upper notes. The Opera-house is now closed till the 1st of August, and, as the Hof-Burgtheater (for the drama) is likewise closed, the inhabitants of Vienna, and the many foreigners, are obliged to look to one of the great theatres of the suburbs, which, to bring something of extraordinary attraction, take refuge in the stage of France and Italy. The Carltheater, in the Leopoldstadt, began on the 1st of July with representations of operettas and vaudevilles of a French company, under the direction of Mr. Meynadier. Offenbach's *Princesse de Trébizonde*, though represented about fifty times, and with great *éclat*, by the proper members of the Carltheater, found also in its French dress a very favourable reception. The rôles of Prince Raphael and Cabriolo were performed by Madame Matz-Ferari and Mr. Christian, the best members of this company. Among the singers are also Henriette Villim, R. Gallas; Ducos and Dervilliez (tenor); Dugas (bass). The second representation was *La Vie Parisienne*, which also pleased the hungry playgoers. Another operetta, *Le Canard à trois becs*, the music by M. E. Jonas, pleased very much, being just the right element for a French troupe of second value. It has been repeated several times since with the same effect. On the 7th of July the Theater an der Wien opened with an Italian opera, under the direction of H. P. Franchetti. The conductor, Julius Sulzer, is the son of the much-esteemed cantor of the first synagogue in Vienna. The society is said to be from Bukharest, but there are only few members who have seen this town. But it seems that the director forms his company in Vienna for Baden-Baden, going from there to Bukharest. The chief members are: Signore Auzzi-Bedogni and Benetti (soprano); Galimberti (alto); Signori Patierno, Parisini (tenori); Traponi-Bono (baritone); Milesi (bass); Copai (buffo). The first opera, *Otello*, was well supported by the public. Signor Patierno, who performed the *title-rôle*, has a voice like a giant; *Otello* is not well fitted for his qualifications, but as Manrico he will certainly have all the Italians on his side. The other rôles were represented by Signora Auzzi-Bedogni (*Desdemona*); Signori Trapani (*Iago*), Parisini (*Rodrigo*), &c., all of whom cannot make a particular impression. Another opera, *Il Trovatore*, was postponed through the non-arrival of a new baritone, Signor Bertolini, who will perform the Conte di Luna.

The Vaudeville theatre in the old Musikvereins-Gebäude, bought by Strampfer, once director of the Theater an der Wien, has met a great change. The small house is quite rebuilt, and is said to have become very comfortable and nice. It will be opened on the 1st of September.

Reviews.

Friedrich Rothbart: Gedicht von E. GEIBEL, für vier-stimmigen Männerchor und grosses Orchester, componirt von BERNHARD HOPFFER. Op. 12 (Friedrich Rothbart: Poem by E. GEIBEL, for four-part Male Chorus and full Orchestra, composed by BERNHARD HOPFFER. Op. 12). Full Score. Berlin: Mitscher & Röstell.

A FEW months ago we had occasion to review some of Herr Hopffer's earlier works, and to express a very favourable opinion of

them. We can hardly say that the present chorus fully satisfies the expectations previously excited by its composer; but it is evidently a *pièce d'occasion*, written to commemorate the recent consolidation of the German Empire; and such pieces are proverbially below the average. Even the great Beethoven could on the occasion of the defeat of Napoleon write nothing worthier of his reputation than "Der Glorreiche Augenblick"—one of his weakest works. Weber's "Kampf und Sieg," written after the battle of Waterloo, is the one exception which proves the rule. Herr Hopfer's chorus is well constructed, on fairly interesting themes; and his treatment of the orchestra is very good; but there is an absence of that decided individuality of style which gave so much freshness to the collection of songs that we reviewed before. At the same time, it is but fair to the young composer to add that his ideas are all unborrowed, though there is but little that is absolutely new in them. "Friedrich Rothbart," as a whole, gives us not much basis on which to found an opinion as to its composer's probable place among German musicians. On this point we must withhold our judgment till we see further works from his pen.

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Fairy Land Valse, composed by ALPHONS BECK (London: A. Hammond & Co.), is a very good set of waltzes, which will, we think, be likely to be popular.

I Puritani, La Donna del Lago, Transcriptions for the Piano, by EDOUARD DORN (London: Augener & Co.), are two capital teaching pieces, which, however, do not require more than a passing notice. They are written in Herr Dorn's usual fluent and pleasing manner, and as they include some of the most popular melodies from the operas, and, though showy and brilliant, are quite within the reach of average players, they are sure to be liked.

Snowdrops (Schneeglöckchen), *Klavierstück*, by FRITZ SPINDLER (London: Augener & Co.), is an elegant little drawing-room piece, which, without being difficult, is a very good study for accent. The passages on the second and third pages will be found very improving to pupils.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

D'Alquen, F. M. "True Love," Arietta for Piano. (London: Wood & Co.)

Davis, Rev. F. W. "Versicles and Responses." (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Davis, Rev. F. W. "A Communion Service." (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Davis, Rev. F. W. "Benedictus," Arranged to a Chant. (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Deane, J. H. "Gems from Handel's Operas," for Piano, No. 1. (London: Brewer & Co.)

Deane, J. H. "Handel's Songs," arranged for the Organ, Nos. 1 and 2. (London: Brewer & Co.)

Miller, Rev. H. Walter. "Twenty-five Hymn Tunes." (London: Joseph Masters.)

Concerts, &c.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—INAUGURAL PERFORMANCE ON THE GRAND ORGAN.

THE much talked-of monster organ in the Albert Hall, one of the largest if not the very largest in the world, having been at length completed, was formally opened on Tuesday, the 18th ult., by Mr. W. T. Best, the organist of the Hall, who (as is well known) holds a similar appointment at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Before giving any account of the instrument, we must first say a few words about the player, and his selection of music. Mr. Best's mastery and finished execution, both on manuals and pedals, is too well known to need more than a passing reference; but the wonderful ease with which he handled the gigantic organ, and the way in which, though he could have had but few opportunities of making its acquaintance, he managed to be perfectly "at home" with it, and to bring out its almost exhaustless combinations, were really remarkable. His programme, too, was one of peculiar excellence; it comprised two preludes and fugues by Bach, Handel's second organ concerto, Mendelssohn's first sonata (in F minor), and no less than five pieces by English writers: a very quaint and admirably written "Choral Song and Fugue," by Dr. S. S. Wesley; a MS. andante, by Mr. E. J. Hopkins; an air with variations, also MS., by Mr. Henry Smart; and two pieces from Mr. Best's own pen—one of them (a march in A minor) being particularly pleasing and effective. The execution of all these works was most finished, though we should be inclined to differ in several points from the reading of the talented organist, more especially in the liberties he took with the time in Mendelssohn's grand sonata.

With respect to the organ itself, we think it may fairly be considered a thoroughly representative instrument of the style of its builder, Mr. Henry Willis, and it brings out into full relief both the strong and the weak points of his workmanship. And first let us say that the tone of the solo stops is most charming. Mr. Willis is particularly successful in voicing his reeds. The solo oboe and clarinet are especially good, the former being the most perfect imitation of the orchestral instrument that we ever heard in any organ. The *voix humaine* on the swell is also a good specimen of a stop which is rarely, if ever, entirely satisfactory. The harmonic flutes, and all the reedy-toned flue-work (gambas, &c.), are of excellent quality, and the ponderous 32-foot stops on the pedals, of which there are four, speak with remarkable promptness and clearness of tone; and yet, with all these merits, we are unable to regard the instrument as completely successful. There is a want of proper balance in the tone of the full organ, arising, we believe, from what we consider the fundamental error of Mr. Willis's prin-

them. We can hardly say that the present chorus fully satisfies the expectations previously excited by its composer; but it is evidently a *pièce d'occasion*, written to commemorate the recent consolidation of the German Empire; and such pieces are proverbially below the average. Even the great Beethoven could on the occasion of the defeat of Napoleon write nothing worthier of his reputation than "Der Glorreiche Augenblick"—one of his weakest works. Weber's "Kampf und Sieg," written after the battle of Waterloo, is the one exception which proves the rule. Herr Hopfer's chorus is well constructed, on fairly interesting themes; and his treatment of the orchestra is very good; but there is an absence of that decided individuality of style which gave so much freshness to the collection of songs that we reviewed before. At the same time, it is but fair to the young composer to add that his ideas are all unborrowed, though there is but little that is absolutely new in them. "Friedrich Rothbart," as a whole, gives us not much basis on which to found an opinion as to its composer's probable place among German musicians. On this point we must withhold our judgment till we see further works from his pen.

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Introduction and Polacca for the Piano, by BURNHAM W. HORNER (London: Augener & Co.), is better than the piece last noticed, as it is more original. The only fault we have to find with it is that it is not written in the proper Polacca rhythm, the accent in the last bar, which is the essential of this particular dance, being conspicuous by its absence.

Fairy Land Valse, composed by ALPHONS BECK (London: A. Hammond & Co.), is a very good set of waltzes, which will, we think, be likely to be popular.

I Puritani, La Donna del Lago, Transcriptions for the Piano, by EDOUARD DORN (London: Augener & Co.), are two capital teaching pieces, which, however, do not require more than a passing notice. They are written in Herr Dorn's usual fluent and pleasing manner, and as they include some of the most popular melodies from the operas, and, though showy and brilliant, are quite within the reach of average players, they are sure to be liked.

Snowdrops (Schneeglückchen), *Klavierstück*, by FRITZ SPINDLER (London: Augener & Co.), is an elegant little drawing-room piece, which, without being difficult, is a very good study for accent. The passages on the second and third pages will be found very improving to pupils.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

D'Alquen, F. M. "True Love," Arietta for Piano. (London: Wood & Co.)

Davis, Rev. F. W. "Versicles and Responses." (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Davis, Rev. F. W. "A Communion Service." (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Davis, Rev. F. W. "Benedictus," Arranged to a Chant. (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Deane, J. H. "Gems from Handel's Operas," for Piano, No. 1. (London: Brewer & Co.)

Deane, J. H. "Handel's Songs," arranged for the Organ, Nos. 1 and 2. (London: Brewer & Co.)

Miller, Rev. H. Walter. "Twenty-five Hymn Tunes." (London: Joseph Masters.)

Concerts, &c.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—INAUGURAL PERFORMANCE ON THE GRAND ORGAN.

THE much talked-of monster organ in the Albert Hall, one of the largest if not the very largest in the world, having been at length completed, was formally opened on Tuesday, the 18th ult., by Mr. W. T. Best, the organist of the Hall, who (as is well known) holds a similar appointment at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Before giving any account of the instrument, we must first say a few words about the player, and his selection of music. Mr. Best's masterly and finished execution, both on manuals and pedals, is too well known to need more than a passing reference; but the wonderful ease with which he handled the gigantic organ, and the way in which, though he could have had but few opportunities of making its acquaintance, he managed to be perfectly "at home" with it, and to bring out its almost exhaustless combinations, were really remarkable. His programme, too, was one of peculiar excellence; it comprised two preludes and fugues by Bach, Handel's second organ concerto, Mendelssohn's first sonata (in F minor), and no less than five pieces by English writers: a very quaint and admirably written "Choral Song and Fugue," by Dr. S. S. Wesley; a MS. andante, by Mr. E. J. Hopkins; an air with variations, also MS., by Mr. Henry Smart; and two pieces from Mr. Best's own pen—one of them (a march in A minor) being particularly pleasing and effective. The execution of all these works was most finished, though we should be inclined to differ in several points from the reading of the talented organist, more especially in the liberties he took with the time in Mendelssohn's grand sonata.

With respect to the organ itself, we think it may fairly be considered a thoroughly representative instrument of the style of its builder, Mr. Henry Willis, and it brings out into full relief both the strong and the weak points of his workmanship. And first let us say that the tone of the solo stops is most charming. Mr. Willis is particularly successful in voicing his reeds. The solo oboe and clarinet are especially good, the former being the most perfect imitation of the orchestral instrument that we ever heard in any organ. The *voix humaine* on the swell is also a good specimen of a stop which is rarely, if ever, entirely satisfactory. The harmonic flutes, and all the reedy-toned flue-work (gambas, &c.), are of excellent quality, and the ponderous 32-foot stops on the pedals, of which there are four, speak with remarkable promptness and clearness of tone; and yet, with all these merits, we are unable to regard the instrument as completely successful. There is a want of proper balance in the tone of the full organ, arising, we believe, from what we consider the fundamental error of Mr. Willis's prin-

ciples of organ-building. In order to ensure greater brilliancy and purity of tone, he mostly voices his reeds on a heavier pressure of wind than his flue-stops, so that these latter are entirely "killed" by the former, and in the loud organ absolutely nothing but reeds can be heard. That the diapasons are not deficient in power was clearly to be perceived in the first movement of the "St. Ann's Fugue," which Mr. Best played on the 8-feet flue-work; yet they are so over-matched by the reeds that we missed altogether the feeling of richness and fullness of body in the tone which gives so great a charm to many old and some modern organs. We think the builder is less to blame for this than the modern school of organ-playing, which too often, forsaking the legitimate style, endeavours to turn the organ into an orchestra, and obtain from it effects for which it is utterly unfitted. The frequent use of the reed-stops for rapid passages requires them to be voiced on a heavy wind, that they may speak with more promptness, and thus the balance of tone is destroyed. Mr. Willis would no doubt say, "This is the kind of organ the public like, and organists insist upon." We can only reply, "So much the worse for the public and organists." It is only fair, however, to add that, regarded as a specimen of the modern orchestral style of organ, the instrument must undoubtedly be considered a brilliant success.

For the sake of our organ-loving readers we subjoin the specification of the instrument:—

Pedal Organ, CCC—G (32 notes), 22 stops: Double open diapason, wood, 32 ft.; double-open diapason, metal, 32 ft.; contra violone, metal, 32 ft.; open diapason, wood, 16 ft.; open diapason, metal, 16 ft.; bourdon, wood, 16 ft.; violone, metal, 16 ft.; great quint, metal, 12 ft.; violoncello, metal, 8 ft.; octave, wood, 8 ft.; quint, metal, 6 ft.; super-octave, metal, 4 ft.; furniture, 5 ranks; mixture, 3 ranks; contra posaune, wood, 32 ft.; contra fagotto, wood, 16 ft.; bombarde, metal, 16 ft.; ophicleide, wood, 16 ft.; trombone, metal, 16 ft.; fagotto, wood, 8 ft.; clarion, metal, 8 ft.

Choir Organ, CC—C (61 notes), 20 stops: Violone, 16 ft.; viola da gamba, 8 ft.; dulciana, 8 ft.; lieblich gedact, 8 ft.; open diapason, 8 ft.; vox angelica, 8 ft.; principal (harmonic), 4 ft.; gemshorn, 4 ft.; lieblich flöte, 4 ft.; celestiana, 4 ft.; flageolet, 2 ft.; piccolo (harmonic), 2 ft.; super-octave, 2 ft.; mixture, 3 ranks; corno di Bassetto, 16 ft.; clarinet, 8 ft.; cor anglais, 8 ft.; oboe, 8 ft.; trompette harmonique, 16 and 8 ft.; clarion, 4 ft.

Great Organ, CC—C (61 notes), 25 stops: Flûte conique, 16 ft.; contra gamba, 16 ft.; violone, 16 ft.; bourdon, 16 ft.; open diapason, 8 ft.; open diapason (No. 2), 8 ft.; viola da gamba, 8 ft.; claribel, 8 ft.; flûte harmonique, 8 ft.; flûte à pavillon, 8 ft.; quint, 6 ft.; flûte octaviante harmonique, 4 ft.; viola, 4 ft.; octave, 4 ft.; quinte octaviante, 3 ft.; piccolo harmonique, 2 ft.; super-octave, 2 ft.; furniture, 5 ranks; mixture, 5 ranks; contra posaune, 16 ft.; posaune, 8 ft.; trompette harmonique, 16 and 8 ft.; tromba, 8 ft.; clarion harmonique, 8 and 4 ft.; clarion, 4 ft.

Swell Organ, CC—C (61 notes), 25 stops: Double diapason, 16 ft.; bourdon, 16 ft.; salcional, 8 ft.; open diapason, 8 ft.; viola da gamba, 8 ft.; flûtes à cheminées, 8 ft.; claribel flûte, 8 ft.; quint, 6 ft.; flûte harmonique, 4 ft.; viola, 4 ft.; principal, 4 ft.; quinte octaviante, 3 ft.; super-octave, 2 ft.; piccolo harmonique, 2 ft.; sesquialter, 5 ranks; mixture, 5 ranks; contra posaune, 16 ft.; contra oboe, 16 ft.; baryton, 16 ft.; voix humaine, 8 ft.; oboe, 8 ft.; corneopon, 8 ft.; tuba major, 8 ft.; tuba, 4 ft.; clarion, 4 ft.

Solo Organ, CC—C (61 notes), 20 stops: Contra basso, 16 ft.; flûte à pavillon, 8 ft.; viola d'amore, 8 ft.; flûte harmonique, 8 ft.; claribel flûte, 8 ft.; voix celeste, 8 ft.; flûte traversière, 4 ft.; concert flûte, 4 ft.; piccolo harmonique, 2 ft.; cymbale; corno di Bassetto, 16 ft.; clarinet, 8 ft.; bassoon, 8 ft.; French horn, 8 ft.; ophicleide, 8 ft.; trombone, 8 ft.; oboe, 8 ft.; bombardon, 16 ft.; tuba mirabilis, 8 ft.; tuba clarion, 4 ft.

Couplers.—Solo sub-octave (on itself), solo super-octave (on itself), swell sub-octave (on itself), swell super-octave (on itself), solo to great, swell to great, choir to great, swell to choir, solo to choir, solo to pedals, swell to pedals, great to pedals, choir to pedals, sforzando.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE eighth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society, on the 3rd of July, was one of the best, if not the very best, of the season. The concert commenced with Mozart's symphony No. 5 in E flat, and the second part with Beethoven's colossal symphony No. 7 in A, the excellent performance of which was worthy of the high capabilities of the orchestra. In Beethoven's colossal symphony the somewhat mysterious and stately majesty of the introduction, and the characteristic buoyancy of the succeeding *vivace*, were never more effectively brought out. A similar commendation was fairly earned by the rendering of the well-known *allegretto*, as well as by the piquant vivacity of the *scherzo* and the irrepressible hilarity of the *finale*, amounting, indeed, to absolute revelry.

A conspicuous feature of the evening was the extraordinary violin-playing of Signor Sivori, whose appearance was renewed at this concert by general desire. Signor Sivori gave on this occasion a fine performance of the first movement of his own violin concerto in A, which was distinguished by the most touching and exquisite delivery of the *cantabile* passages, and exhibited a *tour de force* and marvellous profusion of bravura notes that were quite astounding. The manuscript of the work, if indeed it has been transferred to paper, ought to be placed in a museum of curiosities! Signor Sivori also played his elegant "Romance sans paroles in E flat," with piano-

forte accompaniment, and in response to an enthusiastic encore substituted the "Cavatina" by Raff.

The singers were Mdlle. Titiens and Mdm. Trebelli-Bettini, the former lady supplying the place of Mdlle. Marimon. The overtures were Professor W. Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, and Weber's *Jubilee*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE season of performances for 1871 at the Royal Italian Opera closed on the 22nd ult. As we have not from time to time recorded the doings there, a short account of the whole season may interest our readers.

The first performance this year took place on Tuesday, March 28th, *Lucia di Lammermoor* being the opera selected for that occasion. The principal parts were sustained by Mdlle. Sessi (Lucia) and Signor Mongini (Edgardo). On the following Saturday (April 1st) *Guglielmo Tell* was performed, Mdm. Miolan-Carvalho and M. Faure making their re-appearance at this house after a considerable period of absence. A special feature of the performance was Signor Mongini's Arnoldo—a part for which his powerful upper notes give him peculiar qualifications.

On April 8th, Mdm. Pauline Lucca re-appeared as Margherita in *Faust*, and shortly after Mdm. Csillag (after a four years' absence) was once more heard on these boards as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*.

Mdm. Adelina Patti, whom we may perhaps, without disparagement to others, call the *prima donna* of the company, appeared for the first time this season on April 15th, as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, and a week later Signor Mario gave the first performance of his final season in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Mdm. Patti representing the heroine—another of her favourite impersonations.

On May 12th, Mdm. Patti performed Desdemona in Rossini's *Otello*, for the first time in this country, giving evidence of powers as a tragic actress and singer, with which even her admirers would scarcely have credited her.

On May the 16th, Mdm. Pauline Lucca appeared as Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, and subsequently as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Valentina in *Les Huguenots*, and Selika in *L'Africaine*.

The next event of importance was the revival on June 8th of Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, the parts of Catherine and Peter being sustained respectively by Mdm. Patti and M. Faure. In the same month, what were announced as Signor Mario's "last performances" of his principal characters commenced.

On June 1st, M. Faure appeared with great success in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, an opera which we think, however, is not likely to live.

Mdm. Adelina Patti has also appeared in other tragic parts, such as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, July 3rd, and Valentina in *Les Huguenots*, July 17th, and in both characters fully satisfied any expectations that had been raised.

The only real novelty of the season was Cimarosa's charming opera *Le Astuzie Femminili*, a worthy companion to his better-known *Matrimonio Segreto*, which was produced (for the first time in England) on July 15th, and repeated subsequently. The principal parts were performed by Mdlles. Sessi and Scalchi, Mdm. Vanzini, and Signori Bettini, Cotogni, and Ciampi.

Signor Mario made his final appearance on the stage in this country on the 19th July, in *La Favorita*. Though his voice had been for some time past its prime, his ability both as a singer and an actor was such as to enable him to hold his position in public esteem to the last. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to supply his place.

In addition to the singers already mentioned, other members of the company who have appeared have been Mdmes. Vanzini, Liebhart, Démerie-Lablache, Monbelli, Dell' Anese, and Mdlle. Corsi; Signori Bagagiolo, Capponi, Urio, Fallar, Ciampi, Rossi, and Raguer. The conductor has been Signor Vianesi, who has been sometimes assisted by Signor Bevnigani.

Musical Notes.

THE excellent performances of English operas by Mr. George Perren's company at the Crystal Palace have been resumed, under the conductorship, as usual, of Mr. Manns.

A MOST commendable feature has been introduced into the Saturday summer concerts at the Crystal Palace. Concert recitals of complete operas have been given there, as a variation from the ordinary miscellaneous programme. *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro* have been the works recently produced in this way. Could not the

directors of these concerts give the musical public an opportunity of thus hearing the music of some of the grandest operas, which, from various causes, are virtually banished from the stage? To name but one of many, Weber's *Euryanthe* would be well worthy of performance in this way.

THE Society of Arts has been continuing the series of concerts in the Albert Hall in aid of a national training-school for music. We are sorry to say that the programmes have been of the most commonplace description, unworthy alike of the society and of the proposed object.

AMONG the foreign organists of distinction who are announced as likely to perform on the now completed organ in the Albert Hall, are Messrs. Mailly, from Brussels; Lohr, from Szegedin; Bruchner, from Vienna; Professor Haupt, from Berlin; Professor Herzog, from Erlangen; and Dr. Faiszt, from Stuttgart.

WE are glad to find that articles in our paper are thought worthy of quotation in other journals. In the *Musical Standard* of July the 8th are two extracts from the article in our May number, on "The Imperial Family of Austria in its Relation to Music and Musicians," and in the following number of the same paper (July the 15th) is another quotation from the article. Though in each case the quotation is *verbatim*, no acknowledgment is made of the source from whence it is derived. This we consider neither courteous nor fair to ourselves—an opinion in which we believe our readers will concur.

Organ Appointment.—Mr. R. Felix Blackbee to the church of St. John the Divine, Vassal Road, Kennington.

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All communications respecting Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, as a guarantee of good faith.

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Solo	0	3	0
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TRANSCRIPTIONS.

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											Solo.	Duet.
											s. d.	s. d.
Masaniello	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Andor	3 0 4
Norma	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Bellini	3 0 4
Lucrezia Borgia	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Donizetti	3 0 4
La Figlia del Regimento	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	do.	3 0 4
Martha	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Flotow	3 0 4
Huguenots	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Meyerbeer	3 0 4
La Traviata	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Verdi	3 0 4
Il Trovatore	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	do.	3 0 4
Don Giovanni	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Mozart	3 0 4
Figaro	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	do.	3 0 4
Barbieri	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Rossini	3 0 4
Don Pasquale	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Donizetti	3 0 4
Guillaume Tell	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Rossini	3 0 4
Lucia di Lammermoor	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Donizetti	3 0 4
Rigoletto	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Verdi	3 0 4
Sonnambula	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Bellini	3 0 4
Zampa	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Herold	3 0 4
Domino Noir	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	000	Andor	3 0 4

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